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odium of the crime. Impulse in a man of that inheritance and habit of life would have brought acknowledgment, even if consideration—in this instance denied—would have shown to a weak mind the advantage of silence.

There is much strength and interest in the work, and some scenes are remarkably well drawn—the rather stolid, beefy man's state of mind under shock could scarcely be better presented than in Morland King's when Norma Hardacre refuses to marry him just before the time appointed for their wedding. The beautifully sympathetic attitude of an older woman to a girl is delicately portrayed in the meeting between Norma and Aline at Mrs. Deering's.

THE HOUSE ON THE SANDS. By Charles Marriott. Published by John Lane The Bodley Head, New York and London. MCMIII.

In this, a present-day novel of English life, we have an unusually full book of a dignified and almost unbrokenly grave tone. Many of the multifarious phases that make up the life of to-day are clearly exemplified here. The career of a Member of Parliament, an editor's work, Cornish tin-mining, social problems, and even Mr. Morgan and his shipping dreams are dexterously introduced as events and experiences in the lives of a small group of clear-cut and unusually well-named characters. The author has a distinctly dramatic instinct and an epigrammatic aptness in presenting the result of his observations.

The opening scene of a great mob swayed by a common powerful emotion—in this instance the return to London of men in khaki from the Boer War—and become "not the sum of its parts but a new entity" is strikingly presented. Other passages might be cited for special force in one form or another, and the conversation, always good, more than once furnishes an example of artistic fencing.

The second chapter of the volume carries us to the House on the Sands in Cornwall, whither the disappointed socialist, Christopher Lanyon, has retired and where he lives with Audrey Thurston, who has entered with him upon a mistaken "experiment in Platonism." The scenes following

lie here and in London, and the end finds place in this Cornish land, "indescribably desolate, inhumanly lonely, yet with a magical fascination of its own."

THE LITERARY GUILLOTINE. Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York and London. MCMIII.

One thing the author of "The Literary Guillotine" was wise enough to do for himself—he selected peculiarly vulnerable characters as the defendants in his cases of "*lèse-majesté* to the cause of letters." Although he has been prevented sometimes from carrying out the sentence of court to strike the literary heads from the shoulders of certain offenders by the fact that they had not any to chop off, he has at least not been prevented from rapping with considerable sprightliness upon one or two right soft spots.

The intensely moral and the pleasantly innocuous are what our satirist mainly dislikes. He objects to the effeminating of the nation, and violent excitement is produced during the process of one case by the whole jury turning into women while reading as testimony a certain remarkably popular book of last year. The lack of good English as a vehicle of talented expression is also deplored. "Stephen Brice," apropos of the use of the subjunctive mood, remembered asking himself "whether that 'were' were right or was wrong," and Mark Twain soothed him by saying: "Fortunately it's not necessary for an author to be able to write grammatically nowadays; we haven't time for education." For offhand work the volume is bright and sketchy, but the effort is discernible and the hits are somewhat bald. Authors often do not think we have feeling, but demonstrate without end that they have it themselves.

THE CARDINAL'S SNUFFBOX. By Henry Harland. Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst. John Lane: London and New York. MDCCCIII.

The wonderful sale of this brightly fancied love tale of sunny Italy has been the publisher's justification for presenting to the public the sumptuous holiday edition of "The Cardinal's Snuffbox." The binding is beautiful in gorgeous